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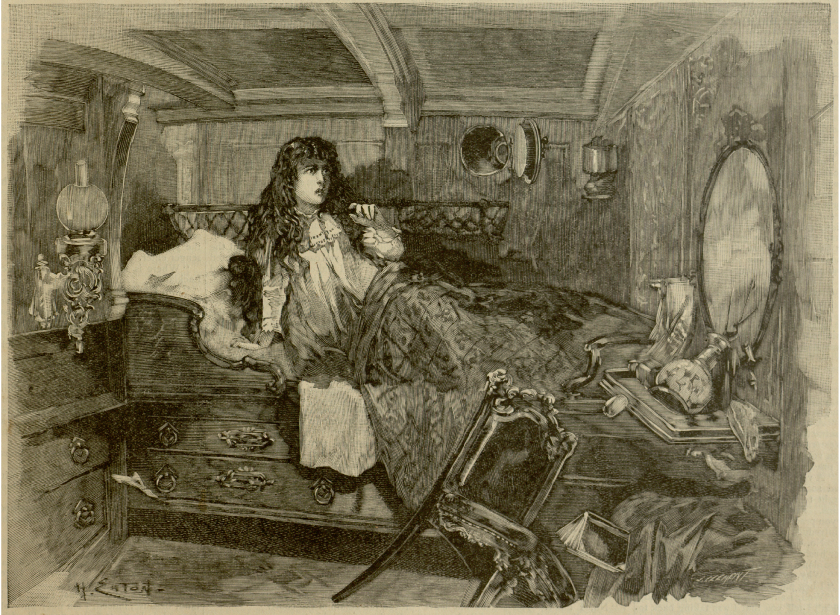

GERTRUDE WAS SUDDENLY AROUSED BY A TREMENDOUS SHOCK.

GERTRUDE HADDON.*

"ONLY A GIRL'S HEART."--Third Series.

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A synopsis of "ONLY A GIRL'S HEART," First and Second Series, will be found at the end of this installment of "GERTRUDE HADDON." See page 3.

CHAPTER I.

LACKLAND.

"GERTRUDE HADDON!" had been the exclamation of Adam Lackland, on hearing the name of the young lady whose sudden appearance on the deck of the ship had so startled him.

"'Gertrude Haddon!' Why, yes," exclaimed Sallust Rowley, looking on his fellow-passenger in amazement. "Gertrude Haddon that *was*, or Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald that *is!* What is there in all that to astonish you so much? Did you ever happen to know the little lady? If so, of course you will be glad to *renew* your acquaintance; if not, I shall be happy to introduce you, and, no doubt, you will be happy to *make* the acquaintance."

"Thanks. No, I never knew this lady. She strongly resembles one I once knew. That is all. She may be a near relative. Indeed, it is quite likely," said Adam Lackland, recovering himself with some effort.

"Well, I'll make you acquainted with her, and then you can judge for yourself," said Sallust, pleasantly.

But he had no opportunity of keeping his word just then, for Gertrude, seeing her escort in earnest conversation with a stranger, had just nodded to him in passing and gone on to the stern of the ship, where a group of women and children were gathered.

The eyes of Adam Lackland followed her.

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"You said her name was Fitzgerald, formerly Haddon. Both names belong to Wilde County. Does she come from that part of the country?" inquired Lackland.

"Yes! She was the adopted daughter of Gabriel Haddon of Haddon's Ferry, above Wildeville."

"Gabriel Haddon!" exclaimed Lackland.

"Yes, man! What is the matter with you? We are not rehearsing private theatricals for the amusement of the second-cabin passengers, are we?" demanded Sallust in a tone that recalled Lackland to a sense of the situation. He controlled his emotion and answered:

"No, but the young lady strongly resembles one I loved and lost many years ago in the neighborhood of Haddon's Ferry. Would you mind telling me all you know of her?"

"Why, I will introduce you if you say so, and then you will have time enough in the next ten days to get acquainted with her," said Sallust, cordially.

"Not yet; by and by. Sit down now and tell me all you know of—Mrs. Fitzgerald. What a child she seems, to bear a matron's title," said Lackland, as he dropped in a seat on the bench that ran along the starboard bulwarks.

"Yes, she must be quite young," said Sallust as he sank into his seat. "Not more than seventeen."

"'Seventeen!'" echoed Lackland.

Sallust turned and gave him a look, not of approbation, saying:

"Come now, no more of that, old fellow. You startle a body."

"It is seventeen years ago since I lost the one whom she so strongly resembles! But go on," said Lackland in a low voice.

Sallust Rowley then commenced, and in a few brief words told all he had heard of the story of Gertrude.

He spoke of the great flood in the valley of the Wilde

River on the night of the 15th of July, more than seventeen years before; of the party of travellers who halted on the opposite shore of the Wilde and hailed the ferry-boats to be taken over; of the utter impossibility of bringing them across in so terrible a storm; of the morning after the flood, when the sun rose upon a lake where it had set upon a valley, the Wilde River having risen and overflowed its banks, covering all the ground of the narrow vale between the two ranges of mountains.

He told how then a child was found, fast asleep in its cradle, floated high and dry upon the flood and landed safe among the water-lilies at the foot of Gabriel Haddon's garden; how the old ferryman had taken the child, adopted her and brought her up as his own; how he had given her a first-class education as far as belles-lettres, science and languages went but no accomplishments.

"Stop! For Heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed Lackland at this point of the narrative. "Was no clew found to the parents of this child?"

"No, none at all. It was at first supposed that she was the child of a woman who was rescued from the river at Wildeville and resuscitated; but the woman denied all connection with her; and then it was supposed that she belonged to the party of travellers who hailed the ferry on the night of the flood and failed to get across; but no one could say for a certainty, because they were never heard of afterward and must have been swept away down the river.”

“Were no dead bodies recovered, then?”

“Yes, many, but they were all people known in the neighborhood. But many were drowned whose bodies were never recovered, and must have been carried off, Lord only knows how far down the river.”

“And the old ferryman brought her up as his own daughter?”

“And educated her—yes. And when he died he left her all his property. A very good property now, but if the new railroad crosses there it will be an immense fortune, for a town will certainly gather around the depot which will be at Haddon’s Ferry. However, *she* doesn’t need any more fortune than she has got, for she is married to Fitzgerald of the Summit, and he belongs to one of the wealthiest as well as one of the oldest families in the State.”

“Then she is the wife of our friend, Colonel Gerald Fitzgerald?”

“Yes, of course. Didn’t I tell you so?”

“You did. It is very strange! Can it be possible that— But, no—a mere coincidence! Some relationship, perhaps—everybody is related to everybody else in Wilde County,” murmured the backwoodsman to himself.

“What in thunder are you muttering about, Lackland? Talking to the devil, as my old nurse used to say when she caught any one talking to himself?”

“A bad habit of thinking aloud, that I contracted in the silent solitude of the Western plains, where one must hear his own voice or grow deaf and dumb for want of practice,” answered Lackland.

“A very bad habit to import into civilized society, Lackland, old fellow! You ought to have left it off with your bearskins. People will take you for a lunatic if you practice it here. Come, now. Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Fitzgerald?”

“No, not yet. Tell me, first, where is her husband? How comes it that she is here alone, or only under your protection?”

“Why, good gracious, I did tell you!”

“I beg pardon, you mistake.”

"Well, I am sure that I thought I did! Didn't I tell you that I was taking back to America a young lady whom I had rescued from the sea after the loss of the steamship *Messenger* by fire in the Straits of Dover?"

"Oh, yes, you told me that. Is this the lady you saved?"

"To be sure she is—who else?"

"You saved the wife of Gerald Fitzgerald from the sea?" inquired Lackland, in surprise that was growing into amazement.

"Yes, I did," answered Sallust, feeling as if he had some good reason to be offended.

"Then, where in the deuce was her husband, and what was he doing?" demanded Lackland.

"Oh, he was there, too, but busy saving another woman."

"This needs explanation," said Lackland, frowning.

"So I thought myself, and so she explained it to me. She says that Fitzgerald knew she could swim, and knew that the other woman could not, and must perish without his help; so he left Gertrude to keep herself up until he should have put the other woman into the relief boat, after the other woman into the relief-boat, after which he meant to return for his wife."

"Did he do so?"

"Well, no; there was no time. She went down immediately; and, if I hadn't seen it all and swum to the spot and dived for her and brought her up, she would have been drowned certainly. I managed to support her until we were picked up by a fishing-smack and taken to St. Margaret's Bay, where there is a little fishing village. There she recovered. But she and myself were both supposed to be dead, for in the very next day's copy of the *Times* I read our names in the list of the lost."

"That was pleasant."

"Wasn't it, now? Well, Mrs. Fitzgerald, as soon as she came to herself, was anxious to follow her husband; but as we had both lost everything we had on board of the *Messenger*, and we were sheltered only by a poor fisherman's family, we had to wait until I could get some conveyance for us to Dover, and communicate with our consul, who cashed my check on my London bankers, and so gave me the means of taking Mrs. Fitzgerald to London. There we were all right; for we had read in the papers that the survivors of the *Messenger* had been taken on board the *Mary Jane*, bound from Havre to London, and we had seen Colonel Fitzgerald's name among the saved. Mrs. Fitzgerald knew that she could hear of the colonel at the lodgings of a clergyman who had been their neighbor and friend in Wilde County, and who was then staying in lodgings in Holland Street, Cavendish Square. So, on reaching London, we went directly to Doctor Goodwin's lodgings; but, bless you, they had gone—that is, the colonel and the doctor—and upon further inquiry we found that they had both sailed in the *Asia* from Liverpool, bound to New York, on that very morning."

"This must have been a terrible disappointment to the lady."

"I believe you. She 's a brick, a regular brick! But it liked to have done for her. However, that wasn't the worst of it. We were told that if we could take the Irish mail to Holyhead we might overtake them at Queenstown.”

“Well, and why didn’t you?”

“Because we missed the train, and in missing that, missed the very last chance.”

“But that was very careless.”

“No, it wasn’t. As soon as we heard the news at the shipping-office we got in a cab and paid the driver to drive at a breakneck speed to Euston Square, where we arrived just five minutes too late for the Irish mail.”

“I wonder this second disappointment had not overwhelmed madam.”

“So do I; but she ’s a brick, as I told you! A regular brick! Well, the next best thing we could do was to try to get berths in the next steamer, this one. We could not get them in the first cabin at any price, but we could get them here in the second cabin, so that is the reason why we are here, and a lady of Mrs. Fitzgerald’s rank finds herself in such an humble position.”

“Then Colonel Fitzgerald knows nothing of his wife’s rescue?”

“Nothing at all. He must believe her

to be drowned, especially as he must have seen her name, as well as mine, in the list of the dead."

"Certainly."

"I don't envy his feelings, I pledge you my word. Sorrow is hard enough to bear, but when sorrow is embittered by remorse, it becomes unbearable."

"I should like to be a looker-on at their approaching meeting. What a shock of joy it will give him."

"I don't know that," said Sallust.

"How? You don't know?" exclaimed Lackland.

"No, I don't. You see he *did* leave her struggling in the water, while he went to save another woman, and that other woman was Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, a beauty of the first water, who was his cousin, his first love and his long betrothed. A queen, sir! And he loved her as hard as a horse can kick. But she had a temper of her own. Whew! Hadn't she? She was gun-cotton—nitro-glycerine! Inguns, as the negroes say. And she led him a life! But why he ever left her for little Gertrude Haddon is more than I can tell, unless he did it in anger. However, you see he left Gertrude struggling in the sea, and rushed to save Geraldine, and he *did* save Geraldine. There 's no getting out of that, though I don't envy his feeling now, as I said before, for he must have the conscience of a traitor and a murderer."

"Then, of course, he will feel greatly relieved when he finds that the wife he left to die is alive and will be deeply grateful to you for having saved her."

"I tell you I am not so sure of that. If remorse were repentance, he might. But remorse is not always repentance. For, mind you, this young lady, this Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, this first love of his, is the companion of his voyage home."

"Oh!"

"Yes, indeed. The young lady, no doubt, goes over ostensibly under the protection of the venerable minister, the Rev. Dr. Goodwin; but, really, now, you know that 's bosh. She chooses to go over because Gerald is going and because Gerald is a widower (as she supposes). Now you know 'old coals are soon kindled,' as the old saying says. 'Heap o' sense in dem old sayings,' as my old friend Jessie used to remark. And, now, if Gerald Fitzgerald's humble little wife should unexpectedly come to life, just as those same old coals are kindled into a bright blaze, it will sort o' throw cold water on them, wouldn't it?" inquired Sallust.

"I cannot believe my honored friend Fitzgerald could so soon forget his lovely wife, especially if he has any cause of self-reproach for his abandonment of her; but I am inclined to take the same view of his conduct that his young wife took, and she must know him much better than we do. I am inclined to think that he never meant to abandon her, but only to rescue her more helpless companion in peril, and then to come after her. He probably felt convinced that she could keep herself up until his return from placing his cousin in the boat. In any case, he must suffer, however, if not remorse for a crime, at least profound regret for a fatal mistake; and so, when he discovers that his wife, whom he supposed to be dead, is really living and that you have been her preserver, his soul will be filled with joy and gratitude," said Lackland, earnestly.

"Well, maybe so. Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Fitzgerald now, Lackland?" inquired Sallust.

"If you please," replied the elder man.

Both rose from their seats and went on toward the forward deck, where Gertrude stood gazing out upon the sea, her dark head still wrapped in the fleecy white "cloud" and her drapery blown behind by the fresh wind, which was dead ahead.

But before they reached there, Gertrude, folding her cloak more closely around her, turned and left the deck and disappeared within her state-room.

"Ah! I suppose she found it too fresh up here this February day, even for her vigorous constitution. But never mind. She will be at dinner, and we will sit at the same table, and you can become acquainted with her," said Sallust, as he bowed and walked away from his newly recovered acquaintance.

Adam Lackland found himself the only man on deck with the exception of the ship's hands whose duties kept them there.

The sharp, cold wind had driven every passenger into the cabin.

Lackland, left to himself, walked up and down the deck in a thoughtful and sorrowful mood.

The sudden sight of the young creature who bore so vivid a resemblance to her whom he had loved and lost so long ago recalled too painfully his vanished youth and forfeited joys.

As he walked slowly back and forth, with his head bowed upon his chest and his hands clasped behind his back, he reviewed his own wasted life—his froward boyhood, that neither parents nor teachers could train; his wild youth, that neither pastors nor masters could tame; his reckless manhood, that even sorrow could not discipline, and now his decline of life stained with crime—with blood-guiltiness!

Yes, the jury had acquitted him of murder, in having rid the world of a vile destroyer of innocence, and the judge had discharged him, a free and vindicated man, and public opinion had endorsed and approved the action of the court.

But his own soul?

Before his own conscience he stood a guilty and convicted murderer. Sweet peace had fled from him forever more.

No earthly judge could have inflicted upon him a severer penalty than his conscience was inflicting on him now. No Divine Judge could have sent him to a deeper hell than he had dwelt in since he had committed that deed which a jury of his peers had justified by their verdict and public opinion had honored with its approbation.

So many people had congratulated him on his acquittal and complimented him in his deed!

So many people had heartily shaken his homicidal hand, and said to him:

"You did right to take the law in your own hand, Lackland; and we honor you for doing it! If other good men were like you, these base invaders of domestic peace would soon be exterminated from the earth! You did right to slay the wretch where you found him!"

Ah, but this taking the law into his own hands had caused him to fall crushed under the mightier law of the soul! In slaying his enemy he had slain his own peace, and he must suffer, let the world applaud as it might.

His youth had been tarnished by folly. His manhood had been darkened by the deepest sorrow. But the iron had not entered his soul until his age was stained with crime cursed with remorse.

Little of this inward anguish did the outside world see. Adam Lackland had always been a grave man; now perhaps he seemed somewhat graver than before. That was all that appeared to those who saw and conversed with him.

To-day another subject of anxiety divided with his remorse the task of torturing him —his meeting with Gertrude Fitzgerald.

Who was she?

She seemed the express image of his own fair young wife, who went down in all her youth and beauty in that fearful flood of the Wilde some seventeen years before. And she had been found floating in her cradle among the water-lilies. Could she, by any possibility, be the child whom he always had believed to have been drowned with her mother? No! When he recalled the scene and circumstances of that awful catastrophe, that unequaled disaster, he felt that nothing short of a miracle could have rescued his child from death.

Yet no one knew who Gertrude really was. Nor could it possibly be known now, after all these years, in which investigation had failed to trace her parentage. Or, if it could be known—if she could be proved to be his daughter—what good could come to her from that? As the child of her mother, she would be the heiress of half Wilde County, to be sure! As the child of her father, she would inherit nothing but—

He shuddered and groaned.

The gong for dinner recalled him to outward life.

He turned toward the saloon of the second cabin, not that he wished to dine, but that he wished to meet again that face which haunted his memory like a resurrection of the dead past.

He found Sallust Rowley standing at the foot of one of the small tables, and noticed that he had taken two places, one on the right and one on the left of his own seat.

"Come, Lackland, I have secured three seats together for our party!" exclaimed the young man, on seeing his fellow-passenger enter.

"Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald?" inquired Lackland.

"Oh, I'm looking for her every instant! See, there is nobody here yet but ourselves and two or three other men," said Sallust.

"But perhaps she does not like to grope her way about the ship alone, especially as it is now rolling so heavily," observed Lackland.

"That's so," assented Sallust. "I'll go and knock at her state-room door, and if she is ready, I will fetch her. It is horridly rough, and getting rougher. I shouldn't wonder if we have some dirty weather before we get to Queenstown," he added, as he staggered to his feet and reeled off toward the state-rooms.

Lackland sat down and waited for his return with Gertrude.

Meanwhile the saloon began to fill with other passengers—all men—who took their places at the various little tables.

In about ten minutes Sallust returned, alone, reeled up to the table and fell into his seat.

"Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald?" inquired Lackland the second time.

"In her berth—seasick," answered Sallust, sententiously. "Steward! Here! Give me a glass of brandy! Quick! Don't believe me to be a habitual toper, Lackland, because, indeed, I am not; but—oh, dear—I do begin to feel so queer!" added Mr. Rowley.

And before the steward could bring the required restorative, Sallust turned white about the lips, sprang from his seat, rushed from the saloon and vanished from sight to parts unknown.

He did not reappear at the dinner-table, nor yet on deck, nor at tea, nor at the late supper.

Lackland did not see him again until bed-time, when he found Sallust heaving in all the agonies of seasickness in one of the berths of the stateroom they both shared together.

Gertrude, in her own room, was in no better condition of body, though in a much more patient frame of mind.

She was carefully attended by the stewardess, who was won to the service no less by the gentleness of her manner than by the liberality of her hand.

The *Zanzibar* had a bad night of it in the Channel. The wind blew a gale; the waves rolled "mountains" high; the ship tossed like a shell; the passengers all grew deadly sick.

But their troubles ended with that rough night.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ICE.

Sunrise found the *Zanzibar* anchored in the beautiful Cove of Cork.

The sudden stopping of the ship awoke Gertrude from the stupefied sleep into which she had been rocked after her last exhausting paroxysm of illness.

Feeling quite relieved and refreshed, she sat up in her berth and pushed aside the slide that covered her port-window, and looking out, she recognized the lovely scene which had so excited her admiration when she had first beheld it from the deck of the ship, in company of her husband.

At the sight, a feeling of sorrow and impatience passed over her, to think that he was no longer by her side and that so many days must pass before she could rejoin him.

She did not cherish sad thoughts. In Gertrude's Christian creed hope is, indeed, a cardinal virtue and cheerfulness a Christian duty.

She knelt to offer up her daily worship of thanksgiving and prayer.

Then she arose and washed and dressed herself, tied a zephyr wool-white cloud over her head, wrapped a warm sea-shawl around her shoulders and went up on deck.

There were very few passengers to be seen there. Very few possessed the reactive elasticity of our healthy little Gertrude's organization; and though the victims of seasickness were relieved by the stopping of the ship's motion from the acute symptoms of their disorder, they were too much prostrated to leave their berths at so early an hour.

Sallust Rowley was there, however; and on seeing Gertrude, he hastened to meet her at the head of the companion-ladder.

"Good morning!" he said cheerily, as he offered her his arm. "I hope you have quite recovered from your seasickness."

"Quite, thanks. And you?"

"Oh, I'm as right as a trivet! Glorious scene this! But you've been here before?" he observed, as he drew her hand under his arm and led her forward to look out upon the harbor, with its forest of shipping, its distant town and its surrounding hills.

"Oh, yes, of course, when we first came over," answered Gertrude, as she bowed and withdrew her arm, and stood leaning over the bulwarks and looking out upon the scene, of which she thought she never could tire.

"Of course. By the way, Cousin Gertrude, you saw me speaking with an elderly cove on deck yesterday, didn't you?" he asked.

"I observed you in conversation with a fine-looking old man, who reminded me of Colonel Fitzgerald," answered Gertrude, quietly.

"Well, now, there certainly is a likeness and no mistake. Who do you think he was?"

"I am sure I cannot think."

"Guess."

"Oh, I cannot guess."

"Well, he was Lackland, the man who was tried for his life about two years ago for the killing of Buckhurst."

Gertrude's dark eyes contracted with pain and horror, and she visibly shrank from the speaker.

"Oh, it isn't catching! It can't be carried in the clothes. You needn't draw off in alarm," said Sallust, laughing.

"I am very sorry for that man. Sallust. I did see, even in the casual view I got of his face, that he had some deep sorrow, and now I know what it is. I am very sorry for him," said Gertrude, sadly.

"Bosh! I beg your pardon, I mean bother!—that is, I mean that there is no need to pity Mr. Lackland. He has been honorably acquitted by a jury of his peers, and more than vindicated by the opinion of the world," exclaimed Sallust.

"The jury may acquit him, the world may vindicate him, but that man will never vindicate, will never acquit himself. Yes, heaven may pardon him, but he will never forgive himself—not in this world, at least—not if I have read his eyes aright!" said Gertrude, solemnly.

"Maybe that *is* what 's the matter with him. I wonder how a fellow does feel after wiping out a human being," mused Sallust. Then rousing himself he exclaimed: "Well, here he is on deck, anyhow, and coming right toward us. Will you let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly, if he wishes you to do so," answered the little lady, her compassion subduing the repugnance she felt to meeting even a vindicated homicide.

By this time Lackland came up and stood before them.

Gertrude lifted her eyes to the dark face, framed in with the full, long, curling, iron-gray hair and beard, and met the large, dark, suffering eyes bent sorrowfully on hers, and all her repugnance melted away and compassion only filled her heart.

"Good-morning, Lackland," said Sallust, heartily. Then, turning to his companion, he added, formally (and the flippant Mr. Rowley was very formal indeed when he was formal at all): "Mrs. Fitzgerald, permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Lackland of—of—of—" Sallust paused and looked at his friend for help.

"'Lackland of Nowhere,'" said the latter with a smile that was sadder than a tear. "Is not that a perfectly consistent name and title for a homeless wanderer, Mrs. Fitzgerald? And to foreign ears who could not understand our language would not 'Lackland of Nowhere' sound quite as grandly as 'Rowley of Cave Court?' Or even as 'Fitzgerald of the Summit?'" Then in a graver, deeper tone he added: "I have been honored with the friendship of Colonel Fitzgerald. I feel still more honored in the acquaintance of his wife."

"I thank you, sir," said Gertrude, sweetly. "I have heard my husband speak of you with much esteem and affection."

"*That voice, too!*" murmured Lackland to himself. But Sallust trod upon his foot and pressed it to remind him that he was no longer in the "silent solitudes" of the Western plains, and there was now no necessity for his talking to himself in order to keep from growing deaf and dumb by desuetude, and so recalled him to himself before Gertrude had perceived that he was soliloquizing.

"I was with Colonel Fitzgerald a long time at Fort Invincible," said Lackland, by way of saying something to mask the confusion into which he was thrown by the face and voice of Gertrude. "Yes, I was with him altogether more than twelve months," he added.

"And you rendered him great and valuable services in his border warfare," said the little lady.

"Oh, nothing of the sort! Fifteen years of a semi-savage life on the border had made me useful as a scout. That is all," answered Lackland, in a tone of carelessness which the suffering look of his dark eyes belied.

"I am sure that Colonel Fitzgerald spoke of your services as of the utmost value to him," said Gertrude, gently, though she was obliged to drop her eyes under the sad, wistful, intense gaze he fixed upon them.

She heard the sound of the breakfast-gong with a sense of relief, even though she had to take the stranger's arm, as he offered it to lead her to the table. After breakfast, her escorts invited her to go on shore to see Queenstown and its environs.

But Gertrude declined the offer with thanks, and so the two gentlemen went on shore for a few hours, leaving her to amuse herself with books.

But Gertrude did not choose to read. She argued that she could read at any time or place, but only then and there could she watch—

> "The shadows flow from form to form—"

on the hills around the lovely Cove of Cork.

So she took some light needle-work and seated herself on the deck to knit, mechanically, as she gazed upon the scenery, and thought of three events connected with that place and with her fate; first, the day that Colonel Fitzgerald and she had sat together where she was sitting now, and gazed upon the same scene; second, the day that he sat alone; and third, this day, when she sat, solitary.

Well, well, she was on her way to him, she said, and every hour brought her nearer to the time of meeting, and soon, when the ship should sail again, she could say that every mile brought her nearer to him.

With what joy she would go to him! With what joy he would meet her, as one raised from the dead! Yes, she thought their meeting would exceed in joy every other meeting on the face of the earth, and could only be equaled in delight by those meetings in heaven when some beloved one arrives from the earth and is welcomed by the waiting lover there!

In anticipation Gertrude lived over and over this meeting.

Ah, if the vail of the future could have been raised for her then, and if she could have been permitted to see when and where and under what circumstances her next meeting with Gerald Fitzgerald would take place!

But her blissful visions made her happy now with a happiness that could never be taken from her and which did not render the coming trial any harder to bear.

Lackland and Sallust came "home" to

their ship, bringing treasures of early wild flowers that even in these first March days had opened their young eyes in the genial woods and fields of the "green isle."

With laughing gallantry, they poured these treasures into the lap of Gertrude, who thanked the givers and took the gifts, and made her plain state-room gay with them.

The *Zanzibar* sailed at dusk. The wind, that had gone down during the day, arose again in the night and blew a gale. The sea roughened, and the ship rolled, and the passengers sickened again.

But this was the 1st of March, and March was coming in like a lion; so what better could be expected?

About sunrise the wind went down and rested for twelve hours.

Few of the passengers, however, appeared upon deck. The second night of seasickness had prostrated them too much.

Gertrude, who had suffered no relapse into illness, came up immediately after breakfast and passed the whole day in the open air.

On the setting of the sun, the wind rose again and grew higher and higher until midnight; then it blew a hurricane until daylight, when it lulled, so that the sun arose on the fourth morning on a calm day.

All predicted fine weather for the remainder of the voyage, and, indeed, they enjoyed it for the next three days, during which the seasick passengers all got well and came to the table with ravenous appetites, and promenaded the decks in boisterous spirits. But on the seventh day out all this was changed.

As they neared the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the wind rose in the northeast. The weather grew intensely cold.

Nearly all the men, and all the women except Gertrude, foresook the decks, and sought warmth and comfort in the cabin, where, rolled up in their thickest wraps, they huddled around the stoves.

But Gertrude, accustomed from her infancy to the bleak air of the higher Alleghanies, was not inconvenienced by the March weather on the ocean.

With her fleecy-white "cloud" over her head and her heavy sea-shawl around her shoulders, she came up on deck that morning, as usual, directly after breakfast, and took a seat behind the wheel-house, where she was sheltered from the wind.

Here she sat, with her cròchet work in her hand, and knitted, while she thought that in three more days she should land in New York and then, in two more, meet her husband face to face.

And then again, perhaps for the hundredth time, she lived over, in imagination, the rapture of such a meeting. In these visions, Gertrude was in heaven.

She scarcely noticed the darkening of the sky, as the heavy clouds rolled up from the northeast and overcast the scene. Soon, the thick, white darkness, if one may use the term, overspread the whole heavens, from horizon to horizon, a thick, white darkness, in contrast to which the ocean looked a vast, effervescent sea of ink.

Then fine, snow-like sifted meal began to fall slowly.

Gertrude from her sheltered position did not feel either the wind or the snow, but watched the soft, fine, white dust sifted down upon the bosom of the sea and lost or upon the rigging, where it gathered in little drifts on the weather-side of every rope and timber, freezing as it fell.

Gertrude's hands were growing too cold to knit, so she rolled up her work and laid it away in her little covered basket, and then she put on her warm gloves, and sat and watched the increasing storm with growing interest.

Lackland and Sallust Rowley were at the opposite end of the ship, smoking and watching the weather.

Gertrude kept her post until the dinner-gong sounded; and by that time the deck was covered several inches deep, and the rigging so laden with snow that its original shape and design could not be discovered.

Mr. Lackland and Sallust Rowley both came and ranged themselves one on each side of Gertrude, the elder man saying:

"I think, my dear young lady, you must permit us both to assist you. The snow freezes as it falls, and the deck is as glass, which, with the violent rolling of the ship, makes it difficult for us to keep our feet and impossible for you to do so."

He was somewhat formally polite and verbose in speaking to women, this strange man.

Gertrude gave a hand to each, with thanks and smiles, and allowed them to lift her to her feet; and the moment she stepped off the little dry and sheltered spot where she had sat and attempted to walk the frozen, slippery and rolling deck, she found how utterly impossible it was for her to do it without assistance on both hands, and how absolutely necessary was the united support of her two body-guards.

When she reached the dinner-table, she found that the storm-stands had been put on, so that every piece of china sat in a separate little pen. And now the ship rolled so fearfully that the mere attempt to eat dinner was a feat of legerdemain or gymnastics.

When it was over, Gertrude, disliking the confined air of the cabin, made an attempt to return to the deck, but found the feat utterly impracticable. The ship was rolling with unusual violence, and the companion-way was like a staircase of glass, dangerous to climb even if stationary, but fatal in the present furious tossing of the ship. The wind was higher, the sea rougher and the snow thicker than ever. It was also growing dark, so that one could scarcely see his hand before him. The deck, besides, seemed, as far as silence and solitude indicated, to be utterly deserted by all except the men and officers engaged in working the ship.

Gertrude retreated to the cabin, where, after a little while, she bade her friends good-night and retired to her stateroom and went to bed.

"Two more days and then New York; five more and then Gerald!" she murmured blissfully as she closed her eyes.

She was startled by a voice speaking near her door.

"A pot of strong coffee for the captain! He don't leave the deck to-night," said the voice, and it passed on out of hearing.

The words did not alarm her with any suspicion of danger. She only thought that the captain must be a very vigilant and faithful officer, and she pitied him for having to pass an "arctic" night on that tempestuous deck.

Musing dreamily on the rapture of her approaching meeting with her husband, Gertrude closed her eyes.

Rocked by the rolling of the ship, lulled by the whistling of the wind, Gertrude fell asleep and slept as soundly as a child soothed to rest on its mother's bosom by its mother's song.

She slept soundly until morning, when she was suddenly roused by a tremendous shock that nearly threw her out of the berth.

Before she could collect herself or remember where she was, or think what could have happened, she felt the ship shudder through her whole frame like a human being struck with ague and then stop perfectly still, as a sound of gurgling water filled the ear.

Gertrude sat up in her berth and listened.

For a moment there was stillness and silence, broken only by that sound of gurgling waters.

Then there was the rushing-about of many feet and the mingling of many voices, but they seemed at a distance.

"What has happened?" at length cried one voice within hearing.

"What has happened?" yelled another voice in a great hurry.

“Why, the ship has struck an iceberg and stove in her bows. She'll sink in five minutes.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 33.]

“Only a Girl's Heart,” First and Second Series.

[Time: Shortly after the Mexican War. Opening place: Wilde County, in the Alleghanies. Gabriel Haddon, ferryman, while revealing to Gertrude Haddon, a fifteen-year-old girl, that she is not his grandchild but a foundling, is summoned to the death-bed of old Gen. Slaughter. During his absence, Gertrude, in response to appealing cries of “Boat!” from across the river, ferries across Sallust Rowley, and gives him shelter and food. Rowley, a lively chap of twenty, confesses that he is eluding those who are in close pursuit of him for a deed which, he stoutly asserts, is not disreputable. Gertrude turns a deaf ear to the pursuers' repeated summons. At Summit Manor, on this eventful night, the eve of her wedding-day, Geraldine Fitzgerald, with her young cousin, Patricia Fitzgerald, is impatiently awaiting the coming of her lover, Col. Gerald Fitzgerald, who has gone to Washington “on business.” At early dawn, the women are startled in their vigil by the precipitate arrival of Cousin Rowley, who has been with the delinquent. Rowley does not explain the mystery of Col. Fitzgerald's absence, and hastily departs. A sheriff's posse is in close pursuit. The morning's mail brings a two-line message from Gerald imploring Geraldine's trust. But the girl feels that she has been grossly insulted and prepares to leave forever Summit Manor, the residence of her uncle, the colonel's father. Gen. Slaughter's death gives a welcome pretext for postponing the wedding. Gabriel returns home early next morning to resume the story he had begun to tell Gertrude. . . . On his fifteenth birthday, he relates, Lily Vale, the six-year-old granddaughter of Gen. Slaughter, stopped at the ferry-house to go for a sail. This encounter forged the first links of a friendship. Insensibly this ripened into love. Two months before her majority, pressed by her grandfather to favor Capt. Dulany, a suitor of his own choosing, Lily confessed her resolve to be the ferryman's wife. The general's wrath knew no bounds; and Lily, involuntarily confined to her room, suffered physical and mental tortures. Lily finally escaped, and went with Gabriel to Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, to be married. Shortly after, Gabriel, on a charge of abducting a minor, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Richmond, and his marriage was declared illegal. After a year, he was pardoned and started for home. Arriving at the ferry one night of a July 15, fourteen months after his elopement, he saw on the boat a coffin containing the body of his wife. His wild grief plunges him into brain-fever, but, on recovering, he learned that Gen. Slaughter, after the conviction of Gabriel, sailed with Lily for Europe, and that very little was known of their life abroad, and that little was peculiar and mysterious, Lily seeming to lose her mind under the influence of drugs; that they returned in May to Richmond. where Lily became engaged to Capt. Dulany, and that in the early morning of July 15 Lily died. On the July 15 just fifteen years after her death, a terrible flood occurred in the river, the water rose to an unprecedented height, and, on its receding, Gabriel found on the river a cradle, containing a six-week-old female baby. Finding no clue to her parentage, he adopted her, naming her Gertrude. . . . Continuing, Gabriel tells of the night just spent at the death-bed of Gen. Slaughter. To satisfy his conscience the dying villain swears that Lily was the lawful wife of Haddon, revealing that, owing to a deception he had practiced, she was over twenty-two years old at the time of the marriage, instead of under twenty-one, as was believed; he then says that while abroad, she gave birth to a daughter. Obtaining the address of the private hospital in which the baby was born, Gabriel returns home. During the night following this long conversation with Gertrude he suddenly dies. His will leaves the bulk of his property to Rev. Dr. Goodwin, in trust for Gertrude. Gertrude is to go to Greenwood as companion to the tomboy, Patricia Fitzgerald. On her last night at Haddon's Ferry, she entertains Col. Gerald Fitzgerald, the affianced lover of Geraldine Fitzgerald, whose failure to appear on his wedding-day is a mystery to all, and unconsciously falls deeply in love with him. On arriving at Greenwood, Gertrude is frightened by Magdala, a vagrant woman, rescued from the inundation, made insane by her experiences during that time. Geraldine, coming to Greenwood, is followed by her apparently sluggish lover, Gerald, whom she finally receives, though haughtily. He says that his detention in Washington was more painful to him than it could have been to her and is on the point, apparently, of explaining, when the passionate beauty declares that she does not believe him, and that he has put upon her the most degrading insult a man can offer to a woman. She breaks the engagement. Gertrude informs Dr. Goodwin about Gen. Slaughter's revelation to Gabriel. The doctor shows that Gabriel's daughter, if found, would inherit not only Haddon's Ferry but also the vast possessions of Geraldine Fitzgerald. Gertrude tells him that she is about to search for the missing heiress. Gerald, riding to the Summit, finds his father unconscious in consequence of threats from Magdala. In an interview with Magdala, Gerald can only discover that her appearance at his father's bedside was due to a wish to upbraid him for some dark and dishonorable deed; she, however, warns him against bringing distress upon some young girl (whom she does not call by name), and says that should he so do, she will publish her own secret to the world instead of to a dying man like his father. The older Fitzgerald, before dying, implores Gerald to marry his cousin at once. Just after the funeral, his attorney, Keyworth, delivers two letters, written shortly before by Mr. Fitzgerald, one to Gerald and the other to Geraldine, who renew their engagement. The two letters urge an immediate marriage, and the principals fix upon August 20 as the day. But both, being imperious and passionate, soon have lovers' quarrels, and Geraldine becomes jealous of Gertrude Haddon, who overhears a stormy interview, during which Geraldine says she will not share his heart with "this child of infamous parents," and demands that Gertrude be sent away. She again breaks the engagement. Gertrude goes to the house of Doctor Goodwin. Geraldine makes up with Gerald. Preparations for the marriage proceed, and the girls make ready to go to Greenwood for the ceremony. Suddenly Gerald appears and implores Gertrude to save him "from destruction" by marrying him. Gertrude, whose half-unconscious love for him had grown into adoration, yields, and the two finally persuade Doctor Goodwin to unite them. During the service, Goliah, a colored man arrives, who, after its completion, hands to Gerald a letter from Geraldine, begging him in the most passionate and incoherent words to return. This Gerald shows to his wife, and then answers with a calm, logical note, proving the impossibility of harmony existing between two such persons as Geraldine and himself, and concluding with an announcement of his marriage. In journeying to Washington, Gertrude is decoyed away from the stage-coach by Magdala, who is on the point of disclosing some mysterious secret, when Gerald rescues her. Geraldine, by some caprice of fate, subsequently enters the same coach in company with Father Dubarry, and rides with them to Washington, in which city she contrives to meet Gertrude alone. She claims that their marriage is not binding, and that she will end it. The young married couple go abroad, Gertrude secretly hoping to aid Dr. Goodwin to find the rightful heir to the property of Gabriel Haddon. Geraldine goes to France as the guest of Veronique, Baroness de La Vallette, an old school-mate. Just before they leave, they learn of a peculiar murder trial, that of Adam Lackland, for the slaying of one Buckhurst in Washington; and Gerald now explains that the hot haste of Sallust Rowley to escape his pursuers on the night of the opening of this story, was caused by his unwillingness to testify in the case, Gerald himself remaining behind to cover the flight of Rowley, who made his way to Europe. Both feel that Lackland is fated to have a place in their destiny, and are disturbed when he is found guilty, but are relieved when a reprieve is given to him. On February 2, Gerald and Gertrude are crossing to England from France on the *Messenger*. Rowley and Geraldine by a strange coincidence are in the same vessel, which catches afire, many passengers being forced to jump into the water to escape a horrible death in the flames. Gerald is supporting his wife among the waves when Geraldine, losing her hold on a plank, calls to him for aid. The plank, free of her weight, whirls around and strikes Gertrude, thus parting her from Gerald, unseen by him. Gerald impulsively swims to aid Geraldine, and in the meantime Gertrude sinks. A boat from an English ship picks up Gerald, now bitterly cursing his impulse, and Geraldine, and another picks up Gertrude, whom Gerald believes he actually saw sink. In despair, Col. Fitzgerald goes to London. Dr. Goodwin informs him that he has found that the lost daughter of Gabriel Haddon and Lily Vale is Magdala, that she married when fifteen years old one Adam Lackland, and went to Virginia the year of the Wilde River flood. Fitzgerald decides to return to America,